

The Claiming of Stiles

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The Claiming of Stiles

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Summary

There were some things that Derek wanted, that he knew he would never get with a human partner. He had always thought that it would be fine. He hadn't ever thought that he would fall for a human as much as he had fallen for Stiles.

So here he was, trying to stake his claim on a human that couldn't be claimed...

Notes

written for the kinktober 2022 prompt: watersports

Have you read the tags? The prompt? Yes? Good, keep reading.

There were some things that Derek wanted, that Derek craved, needed, that he knew he would never get with a human partner. He had always known this, and yet he had always chosen human partners.

He had always thought that it would be fine, that he would be okay with it. He hadn't ever thought that he would fall for a human as much as he had fallen for Stiles.

Wolves mated for life. He had known that. But he hadn't ever expected it to happen to him, hadn't expected himself to fall so hard for a human that he would know deep down in his soul that he would never love anyone else like this.

So here he was, trying to stake his claim on a human that couldn't be claimed, that didn't know to keep his scent on him and not take a damn shower before he left the house and come back smelling like someone else.

Derek growled unhappily. But Stiles just pecked him on the lips and stepped past him into the bathroom.

"You need to shower before you can come to bed," Derek ordered, his voice firm. "You smell like Scott and Malia and you can't come to bed like that."

Stiles rolled his eyes and pulled his t-shirt over his head.

"I already took a shower earlier, I'm not taking another one," he said, stepping in front of the sink to brush his teeth.

Derek felt his eyes flash and closed them, taking deep breaths to keep his shift under control.

"Seriously?" Stiles asked incredulously, around a mouthful of toothpaste foam. "You're wolfing out on me because I smell like my friends after spending all evening with them?"

"Please take a shower," he just said, begged. "Please."

Derek didn't think he could handle it if Stiles came into their bed like this. He knew that it meant nothing to the human, but his wolf was feeling every bit of the rejection of his mate and it hurt like hell.

He heard the water of the sink run and a moment later Stiles put a finger under his chin, tilting his head up and looking at him with an oddly soft and questioning look.

"I thought things between you and Scott were okay? So what's going on?"

Derek sighed.

"You smell like them. You smelled like me, then you washed it off, went away, came back smelling like them and now you want to sleep next to me, smelling like them."

"I... I don't think I understand," Stiles said. He didn't sound annoyed anymore, he didn't sound like he was judging Derek anymore, he just sounded confused. So Derek took a deep breath and explained.

“You’re my mate, you’re supposed to smell like mine and I keep covering you in my scent and you keep washing it off. I know that you don’t mean it that way, but my instincts are screaming at me that my mate is rejecting me. And now you smell like you belong to someone else and I can’t stand it.”

“So,” Stiles started carefully, but then a wide smile spread across his face. “So, you want me to take a shower, so I smell all clean and then I get one of those very nice, thorough cuddles from you. Am I seeing that right?”

“Thorough cuddles?”

“Yeah, you know when you rub yourself all over me and just kiss and touch me for ages? Because those are nice,” Stiles only said. He was already stepping out of the rest of his clothing and into the shower.

Derek breathed a sigh of relief as the water hit his skin, taking the foreign scent markings off his mate's skin.

“You can tell me these things, you know,” Stiles said later when they were cuddled up in bed, Derek happily rubbing, kissing, licking his own scent back onto his mate. “I don’t know all these wolf rules. There is only so much research I can do and I don’t want to be rejecting you without meaning to.”

“I know,” Derek sighed. “You’re human and you’re not rejecting me, you’re not even aware that you’re doing it. I know that and I’m really trying to not let it bother me.”

“No,” Stiles told him firmly, turning around in his arms. “No, Derek. I don’t want to be rejecting you, not even accidentally because I’m human and didn’t know. I want you to tell me these things, so I’ll know when you claimed me, so I’ll know what you need from me, okay? You are going to have to use your words and tell me, alright?”

Derek looked at him startled.

“You want...”

“I want you to make me smell like you,” Stiles said firmly, not even a waver in his heartbeat. “I want every single supernatural creature I meet to know that I’m yours. I might not be able to smell it, but I’ll know it and you’ll know it and Scott will wrinkle his nose at us.”

“You want this,” Derek just repeated, slightly in awe. “But you’re human, it doesn’t matter to you?”

“Yes, I’m human but I’m a human dating a werewolf,” Stiles said, pressing gentle kisses to Derek’s face. “You tell me what you need, I’ll figure out a way to work around my humanness,” he grinned.

“I want to scent mark you after you take a shower and every time before you leave the house.”

“Done,” Stiles agreed simply. Derek kissed him, slow and deep, somehow trying to get across just how much this meant to him.

“Thank you,” he whispered. There were other things his wolf wanted, of course there were but this was already wonderful. Getting to scent and claim his mate like this would be more than enough.

“That was all you needed?” Stiles asked, sounding slightly incredulous. “Fucking hell, Derek.”

Derek sighed.

“It’s the most important thing. If I can just have that, if you let me just do that, I won’t ask anything else from you.”

Stiles pressed his forehead against Derek’s and let out a loud, frustrated breath. Derek knew he had asked for too much. Maybe he shouldn’t have asked to scent him every time, maybe just once in a while would be enough.

“You drive me crazy, do you know that?” Stiles finally asked and Derek could feel the anger coming off him.

“I’m sorry,” he blurted out. It was fine, he told himself, he could live without the scent marking, clearly it had been too much to ask.

“No, you don’t get to be sorry,” Stiles said sternly. “Here’s what’s going to happen: You are going to tell me every single, silly, wolfy thing you want to do with me. You’re going to tell me exactly what you need from me. And you are not going to let any details out or I swear I will go and ask Peter!”

Derek looked at him startled. Then the words slowly sank into his head. Oh, hell no!

“I’ll tell you everything, please don’t talk to Peter!” he rushed out.

“Good,” Stiles said and just like that he relaxed again and cuddled close, he tilted his head up, revealing the side of his neck and Derek buried his face against it before he knew what he was doing.

“See?” Stiles asked with a grin in his voice. “You can have nice wolfy things, if you ask.”

Derek whined and scraped his teeth across Stiles’ shoulder. Then he started talking. He explained how important scent marking was to him, how much it hurt when Stiles didn’t smell like he was his. He talked about the importance of mates for wolves and Stiles snuggled closer to him.

“So, you and me are a forever kinda deal? Yeah, that sounds lovely,” he whispered into Derek’s collarbone.

Derek felt his heart trip over itself for a beat. Yes, that did sound lovely. Then he carefully talked about the more animalistic things.

He listened to Stiles' heartbeat as it sped up when he talked about leaving deeper bites on his skin, permanent markings of his ownership, when he talked about that he might, possibly want to knot Stiles. The wave of pure, hot arousal that came of Stiles' caught him by surprise entirely.

"Is that a thing? Holy shit! Is that actually a thing that you can do?"

Derek nodded slowly. There had been times when it had taken him a lot of restraint not to knot Stiles, to hold back and at times he had had to turn down sex with Stiles entirely because he had been too afraid to lose control.

And now Stiles was telling him he could knot him. Just like that. He even sounded excited about it, was even aroused by the idea.

Derek moaned softly and rocked his hips into Stiles. He couldn't help it. Stiles was warm and right there, smelling so much like their mingled scents, like he belonged to Derek and Derek wanted.

"Stiles," he whispered. "I won't be able to hold back if we have sex right now. I won't be able to hold back at all. I'll scratch you, I'll bite you, I'll knot you."

Stiles clearly didn't take it as the warning it was, he only moaned and rocked into Derek, the scent of his arousal surrounding him and drawing him in. His mate was needy, his mate wanted him, that was all that mattered to Derek right now.

He pulled at their clothing until their naked bodies touched, he kissed and licked at every inch of skin he could find. Everything was soft and clouded by the haze of arousal. But Stiles was guiding him. His encouraging sounds drew him closer until he finally pressed into his mate's body.

"Stiles," he murmured quietly, over and over again. "Stiles."

"Yours. I'm yours," was Stiles' only answer.

Derek felt the swell of his knot all too soon. He barely managed a choked off whine to warn Stiles, but his mate only tightened his legs around his waist as if he was afraid Derek might pull back.

The first wave of his orgasm rushed through him. He felt Stiles moan and come between their bodies with a shudder. And Derek just held onto Stiles, kept himself still and let the drawn out pleasure wash over him.

He had never knotted inside a partner before. It was more intense than anything he could have ever imagined. His own harsh panting filled the room and Stiles' gentle hands running through his sweaty hair and over his body were the only thing grounding him.

"Shhh, you're okay," Stiles murmured quietly. "Everything is okay."

Derek slowly came back to himself. He removed his fangs from Stiles' shoulder, licked the skin he had accidentally pierced until the small pinpricks of blood were closed.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked, discovering with surprise that his voice sounded absolutely wrecked. He was still hard, his dick still swollen, still locked inside Stiles. Soft shudders came over him every now and then as his body released another spurt of come into his mate.

“I’ll probably be sore in the morning, but right now I’m fine,” Stiles told him and Derek licked at him again, drawing a soft chuckle from Stiles. “You really do like to lick, don’t you?”

“Is that okay?” Derek couldn’t help but ask.

“Yeah, the licking is nice, the knotting is frankly amazing, seeing you all blissed out is the best,” Stiles looked at him contently and softly kissed him.

Derek just stayed where he was, on top of his mate, warm and happy and still coming a little bit.

“I could stay right here all night,” he murmured quietly, more to himself than. “I could...” he trailed off, biting down hard on his lips and tightening his muscles against his body’s instinct.

“You could what?” Stiles asked, sounding so damn open and trusting.

Derek shook his head.

“Hey,” Stiles gently nudged him.

“It’s not... It’s just me feeling kinda needy and possessive right now,” he admitted quietly.

“Tell me anyway,” Stiles demanded.

“Stiles,” he sighed.

“Tell me,” Stiles repeated.

“You’ll feel weird about it and I’m pretty sure disgusted and this is really nice right now and I’m not going to ruin it.”

“Derek, I already agreed to let you rub your come into my skin, I think you’ll be fine.”

“I wanna...” he trailed off, not quite able to bring himself to say the words out loud. Stiles was going to say no, he knew that, but also Stiles had more than surprised him tonight and always. Maybe Stiles knowing wouldn’t be a bad thing, maybe this could just be a thing that Stiles knew about but wasn’t okay with.

He took a deep breath.

“I want to... uh, relieve myself inside you.”

“Uh, what?”

Yeah, Derek thought, that had been the exact reaction he had been expecting.

“Just so we’re really sure we’re talking about the same thing here: You want to pee inside me? Your piss inside my butt? That’s the thing we’re talking about?”

Derek hid his face against Stiles’ neck but nodded. Stiles’ heart was beating fast and he smelled like nerves and confusion. The confusion slowly dissipated and Derek caught a hint of... He lifted his head with a startled gasp.

“You’d be okay with it?” Suddenly his own heart was beating faster. His dick twitched and he had to stop himself from letting any drips escape before Stiles had not given his explicit okay.

“You’re holding it back right now, aren’t you?” Stiles whispered. “Fuck, that’s so hot. Fuck, that has no right being this hot.”

Derek just whimpered.

“You need to tell me if it’s okay,” he pleaded. “I need you to tell me if it’s okay.”

Stiles’ breathless “yes” had barely left his lips when the first gush of piss left Derek’s body.

“Ah,” Derek tried to slow down, tried to keep some control over his body, but with Stiles’ okay the very last bit of his restraint was gone.

“Oh, fuck. I can feel that,” Stiles breathed and he didn’t sound put off at all. He did in fact sound a little blissed out.

Derek just sighed happily as he relaxed and emptied his bladder, flooding his mate with his piss and marking him in the most intimate way possible. Finally.

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